

DEATH IN TRAILING SKIRT

Danger That Lurks in Present Day Obedience to Fashion's Whim

The following short story from the Woman's Journal is very timely in the warning given against trailing skirts:

Only a little dust, almost imperceptible dust, caught on the rug on the floor of the handsome hall.

It was a Turkish rug, lying on the perfectly waxed, hardwood floor, in a hall where neatness seemed to reign along with all the appointments of wealth.

But there was that almost imperceptible dust. How did it come there? If you had ears that could hear its voices it would tell you. It would say that it had clutched a fold on the beautiful lady's gown and come in from the street.

It was a beautiful gown as well as a beautiful lady—a tailor-made gown, and its fashionable bias flounce trailed stylishly on the ground.

Everything was stylish about the lady, from her fair face, with rather deep circles below the eyes, to her slender and handsome walking shoes. She walked trailing her gown properly, dust or no dust. Indeed, she ignored the dust of the street; but will the dust ignore her?

Let us listen, if she will not, for this almost imperceptible dust moves and acts with fearful force, and if we listen possibly we may understand its language.

Soon after coming in on the beautiful lady's gown, other steps followed and other gowns helped to move the dust along farther into the house; but it had a fancy for the beautiful lady. Her frailness attracted it and it followed her to the bed chamber. Her feet had never trod the loathsome precincts whence it came, but it came to her on her gown.

Soon there came to the chamber a little child, a sweet, rosy cherub. In its romping it stirred the dust about. Then the dust began to be separated, being formed of many particles, and these talked among themselves. As they talked they danced back and forth, waltzing, swirling, capering, with every motion of the child and its mamma, the beautiful lady.

A scientist could have understood them if he had caught some of them under his microscope. He would have called them "germs." With what alarm he would have recognized the diphtheritic, and with what dismay would he have seen the tuberculous germ approaching the frail lady.

Back and forth, dancing, capering, waltzing, the germs kept time while baby, in its mother's arms, said, as thousands of other little ones were saying—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This baby was saying it for the last time.

When night came again, thousands of little voices sent up the baby prayers, but this one was gasping out its little life on mamma's bosom—destroyed by a germ.

A yellow card at the front door warned all comers against diphtheria. The beautiful lady vainly sought health for a year or more, then found rest "beyond the sorrow and the parting."

"Broken hearted," it was said. "Found death in the dust of the street," said the microscope. A victim of the long skirt.

Fashion and Consumption.

In all American cities and most of the larger towns promiscuous expectation is prohibited. There are ordinances and rules against spitting in public conveyances, on the floors of assembly halls and on the sidewalks. Of necessity, however, this cannot be prevented in the gutters and on the pavements.

By educating the tuberculosis patient himself in regard to his duty to his fellow citizen much more can be done. A careful consumptive is a good citizen; a careless consumptive is an enemy to society and the state.

Even with the civil and self-imposed precautions, the dust of the highway and crossings is teeming with various disease germs. It is practically impossible to eliminate these beds of filth. In the cleanest streets such colonies of germs are present.

The use of long, dragging skirts on the average highway is the height of folly. It is worse. It is absolutely dangerous. The sweeping cloth picks up dust and dampened particles carrying tubercular germs. They are thus transplanted into the very household. In this simply yet sadly effective way, the children, so carefully guarded, are exposed to the dreaded plague. The entire family, satisfied with their fancied security, are stunned when tuberculosis claims one of their loved ones.

It may not strike the family circles. The household servants may be affected. Many of the deaths of domestics have their explanation. The mistress, after a shopping tour, leaves her mud-bordered skirt for the maid to clean. In the cloud of dust arising from the brush the fatal bacillus lurks. The girl, already weakened from too long hours indoors, succumbs. A few weeks later she is forced to stop work and waste away in hopeless dependence on her overburdened family or at public expense.

Another girl is easily obtained and the careless mistress never suspects any connection between her foolish fashion and the doomed domestic's sad fate.

Expectoration on the streets can never be stopped. The streets cannot be kept clean. But this can be done—

every woman should wear sensible skirts entirely clearing the ground. This will entirely eliminate this great avenue of tuberculosis invasion.

A Vegetarian Dinner.

Soup
Vegetable
Entrée
Roast Imperial
Vegetables
Scalloped Potatoes, Chopped Cabbage,
Macaroni with Tomato Sauce,
Stewed Vegetable Oysters,
Breads
Graham Bread, Cream Crisps,
Steamed Fig Pudding with Lemon Sauce.

The American Heart.

We have heard much about the American stomach and the American nerves, but we are just awakening to a discovery that there is being rapidly developed a form of heart disease which, if not peculiar to America, may at least be said to be more prevalent in this country than in any other part of the world. The heart-weakness resulting from the use of tobacco and alcohol and from a sedentary life on the one hand, and extremely violent exertion on the other hand, is no longer a rare condition, but has come to be one of the most common affections with which the physician has to deal. A large proportion of the men rejected in the army examinations are refused on account of heart weakness. A large proportion of the public men who die suddenly die as a result of the failure of the heart. The same may be said also of many of the cases in which the cause of death is reported to be pneumonia, typhoid fever and other affections in which special strain is brought to bear upon the heart, and in which the failure of the organ to meet the emergency is one of the most common causes of death. The cigar, the cigarette and the pipe are probably the most common cause of this growing frequency of cardiac affections; but the neglect of physical exercise, overeating, the use of condiments and excesses of all sorts are also to a large degree responsible for the rapid increase of this grave malady.

SOME WHOLESOME RECIPES.

Vegetable Soup.—Simmer together slowly for three or four hours, in five quarts of water, a quart of split peas, a slice of carrot, a slice of white turnip, one cup of canned tomatoes and two stalks of celery cut into small bits. When done, rub through a colander, add milk to make of proper consistency, reheat, season with salt and cream, and serve.

Roast Imperial.—Mix together one-half cup of lentil pulp (prepared by rubbing well-cooked lentils through a colander), one-half cup of pea pulp, one-half cup of English walnuts, and season to taste with sage and salt. Line an oiled baking dish one-half inch deep with the mixture. Pack in loosely a dressing made from the following ingredients: Four slices of zwieback, steamed until softened, one-half cup of hot cream, sage and salt to taste, and one well-beaten egg. Mix together lightly with a fork. Cover closely with peas, lentil and nut mixture. Spread over the top thick cream, bake in a moderate oven until firm enough to cut into slices. Serve with cranberry sauce or fruit jelly.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Pare the potatoes and slice thin; put them in layers in an earthen pudding dish, dredging each layer lightly with flour, add salt, and pour over all enough good, rich milk to cover well. Cover, and bake rather slowly till tender, removing the cover just long enough before the potatoes are done, to brown nicely. If preferred, a little less milk may be used, and a cup of thin cream added when the potatoes are nearly done.

Chopped Cabbage.—Take one pint of finely chopped cabbage; pour over it a dressing made of three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a half cup of whipped cream, thoroughly beaten together in the order named. This is also nice served simply with sugar and diluted lemon juice.

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce.—Break macaroni into inch lengths, enough to make one cup, and drop into boiling water. Let it boil until perfectly tender. In the meantime, prepare the sauce by rubbing a pint of stewed or canned tomatoes through a colander to remove all seeds and fragments. Heat to boiling, thicken with a little flour; a tablespoonful to the pint will be about the requisite proportion. Add a half cup of very thin sweet cream and one teaspoonful of salt. Dish the macaroni in individual dishes, and serve with a small quantity of the sauce poured over each dish.

Steamed Fig Pudding.—Moisten two cupfuls of finely grated Graham bread crumbs with half a cup of thin sweet cream. Mix into it a heaping cupful of finely chopped fresh figs, and a quarter of a cup of sugar. Turn all into a cup of sweet milk. Steam about two and one-half hours. Serve as soon as done with a lemon sauce prepared as follows: Heat to boiling in a double boiler a pint of water in which are two slices of lemon, and stir into it a dessert spoonful of cornstarch; cook four or five minutes, or until it thickens. Squeeze the juice from one large lemon, and mix it with two-thirds of a cup of sugar. Add this to the cornstarch mixture, and allow the whole to boil up once, stirring constantly; then take from the fire. Leave in the double boiler, surrounded by the hot water, for ten minutes. Cool to blood heat before serving.

Save Burning Ships

(Special Correspondence.)

The primary object of the marine battalion of the New York fire department is to fight fires and not to cut ice. But this winter—the first two months under the reorganized battalion plan devised by Chief Croker—the seven fireboats have had to cut their way through great ice floes that have floated down the North river from the frozen zone up State and down the East river from Long Island sound, congealing into an almost solid mass in the docks and around pier bulkheads. Fire or no fire, the sturdy, strongly-built little craft that are ever on the alert to protect millions upon millions worth of property along New York's miles of waterfront from Yonkers to the Narrows have had to work day and night "shooing" ice floes down the rivers toward the bay. It was imperative that the channel be kept clear in case of an alarm.

Firemen who have worked on the fireboats since they were established in New York, about thirty-two years ago, will tell you that there is little difference between fighting fire on sea and on land, that it is a fireman's business to put out fires without thought of personal danger, and that he goes about his business with as much unconcern as a bricklayer takes up his trowel or a policeman starts out on his beat. On the other hand, take a raw recruit assigned to a fireboat from one of the land companies, and in five cases out of six the man will tell you that fighting fires on river or bay, particularly when surrounded by acres of ice, is twice as difficult as it is on the city avenue or street, no matter how densely populated the neighborhood. These are usually the men who have no sea legs. After falling into the river two or three times while boarding a boat under the most simple circumstances and being fished out by a boathook, they are sent back to the horse companies and the brass sliding pole. But if a fireman has anything of the sailorman about him, if he is quick on his feet, and knows on carload from a smokestack, a berth on a lifeboat is about as exciting a job as there is in the gift of the city government.

Blazing Oil-Tank Steamer.

Take, for example, a Rockefeller oil-tank steamer burning in the Staten island bays. In the marine service this fills about the same bill as a blaze in a fireworks factory does to fire fighters ashore. There is no hope, of course, of saving either the vessel or her cargo. The only thing to do is to haul her out into the channel and prevent the flames from spreading either on sea or land. An oil steamer fire falls within the special province of the New Yorker of the Battery fire station and the best boat, all things considered, of the marine fire fleet. She has four sets of engines and can pour 12,000 gallons of water a minute on a burning vessel or pier when they are all working. The average of a land fire engine is 600 gallons of water a minute—when the hydrants will supply it. The land companies are often hampered by a scarcity of water. The fireboats have no such difficulty. They have the Atlantic ocean as a main reservoir.

A call to a blazing oil steamer puts every seaman on the New Yorker on his mettle. When an alarm comes in from Staten Island the men tumble from their beds half dressed and into their rubber clothes, the same as firemen do on land. The New Yorker can get down the bay faster than the swiftest tug in the harbor. If the wind is blowing off shore the burning tank steamer must be approached through a dense cloud of stifling black smoke. It is so thick that the flames can be seen only above it, as though coming from the crater of a volcano. The steel sides of the vessel are as hot as the inside of a flaming furnace. With every gallon of water she can throw upon the fiery plates, the New Yorker



runs close enough alongside to hitch on a woven wire hawser. The heat is so intense that the paint on the sides of the fireboat blisters, and the firemen have to cast aside their rubber coats. Then the burning steamer is towed to the flats off Liberty island. This is the graveyard of scores of vessels that have caught fire in the bay.

With a Smoldering Cargo.

Frequently the New Yorker is summoned to quarantine to meet a steamer with a smoldering cargo that caught fire at sea, and has been ablaze for three days while beating her way into port, without the passengers knowing anything about it. Not long ago a steamer of this sort from a small port in Brazil came to a dead stop off Swinburne island about 9

o'clock at night and sent in a fire alarm. When the crew raised the hatches in the hope of putting out, unassisted, a fire that had been slowly gaining headway four days, the job was too much for them. An alarm was sent to the Battery station, and the New Yorker went down the bay. The first thing to do was to get off half a dozen frightened passengers. When they were all on the deck of the fireboat more scared and angry at the captain than gratified that a worse fate had been spared them, a woman shrieked:

"Oh, you have forgotten my baby. Eva. I cannot, will not, go without my baby."

It was no time for delay, but two lifelines rushed to the woman's cabin.



A PIER FIRE

There was no baby. The stewards on the vessel said it was the first they had heard of her having a baby. Finally the woman herself, who had followed the firemen aboard the burning steamer, dragged a frightened white cat from under a sofa in the woman's cabin, and returned to the New Yorker in triumph.

"Naughty firemen smother mamma's baby," she exclaimed.

WHEELHOUSE IN A PRISON.

Treadmill still in vogue in the Penitentiaries of England.

The treadmill is still in vogue at many English prisons. Within the walls is a little building built of blue-gray stone, standing somewhat apart from the main structure in a corner of the exercise ground and prison garden. On the chocolate colored door is painted in white letters the two words "Wheel House." As the door opens the dull, grinding sound that was heard outside grows a little louder and clearer. The door closes behind the visitor with the inevitable clash and click of the returning bolt.

The house is an apartment some thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. On the left-hand side are the wheels, four of them, in two tiers, divided by a gallery running the whole length of the house and communicating with the floor by a staircase at the opposite end. On the right-hand side there is another, lower and shorter, gallery on which stands the warden in charge. The wheels are separated by a section of brick wall.

Each wheel is divided into compartments, cutting off each prisoner from the others. The object of this is to prevent the prisoners from seeing and hearing one another, although conversation in a low voice, pitched in a different key to that of "the music of the wheel," is perfectly easy and intelligible.

FAT MAY BE HEALTHY.

Some People Naturally Stout Should Not Try to Be Thin.

"Some people are simply naturally stout," says Dr. William F. Waugh, editor of the Chicago Alkaloidal Clinic, "and the question as to whether there is really cause for medical interference is one to be decided in each particular case by the physician who knows the circumstances."

"Many persons, especially women, think they are too stout and want to get thin, when in fact they are just right as they are. This desire is to be looked upon as on a par with that which makes little women wish they were big and big women wish they were little; straight-haired women to use curling irons and curly haired women to use bandoline to make their hair straight; dark haired women to bleach and light haired women to dye."

Thankful for the Car.

Supt. Foster of the New Orleans Street Railway Company, formerly with the Boston & Northern at Salem, tells the following story of the days when "spotters" were much in evidence on the cars:

A young fellow who had charge of one of the Salem Willows cars during the rush season was suspected of more than the ordinary "knocking down." He turned in his trips at the Salem office, and the cashier, who was aware of what was going on, said, "Thank you." The next trip he turned in still less, and the polite cashier thanked him again. The third trip he brought in still less money, but the cashier was there with his smiling "thank you."

"What the deuce are you thanking me for?" asked the conductor.

"For bringing in the car," replied the cashier.

Dental Surgeon for Navy.

The British Admiralty has just made its first dental appointment. A dental surgeon has been appointed for the sailors and marines at Portsmouth. He will rank as a civil servant, and so will not wear uniform.



NATURE'S ESSENCE.

Extracted From Forest Plants

Nature's laws are perfect if we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries here that we can fathom for you. Take the bark of the wild-cherry tree, the root of man-drake, stone root, queen's root, bloodroot and golden seal, make a scientific, non-alcoholic extract of them with just the right proportions and you have Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists, eight years of hard work experimenting to make this vegetable extract and alternative of the greatest efficiency. Just the sort of spring remedy you need to make rich, red blood, and cure that lassitude and feeling of nerve exhaustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery bears the stamp of PUBLIC APPROVAL and has sold more largely in the past forty years than any other blood purifier and stomach tonic. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumu-

A SONG OF THE FIELDS.

The green fields—the green fields, and fields with cotton white—
Like a dream of sunshine—a river of delight!

The joy of all the past time, that thrilled the world along,
Is nothing to the joy ahead—the hal-lu-luh song!

The green fields—the green fields, with all the corn brigades,
Glisten in the sunshine an' wavin' of their blades!

The promise of the harvest all bountiful and sweet!
The gold of gracious Autumn just showered at your feet!

The green fields that bless us—what wonders they unfold!
That feed the famished millions, and clothe the world from cold!

That keep the coats in comfort when winter chills the sod—
The green fields forever—the green fields of God!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Room for Improvement.

"I have here, said the agent, "an alarm clock that will kindle the fire in the kitchen range and start the coffee boiling. Can I sell you one?"

"No," yawned the lazy man, "but when you find one that will pour the coffee out and bring it upstairs I will be pleased to consider its purchase."

Taking No Chances.

Molly—Papa, I wish you'd close the door of your room when gentlemen are calling on me. Your snore is something fierce!

Dad—Well, it won't hurt 'em any. Molly—Perhaps not, but they might think it's hereditary! —Cleveland Leader.

Applied History.

"Dear dad," wrote the boy from college, "are we studying current history and I am getting to understand it finely. By the way, my creditors are bothering me considerably, so please send me \$200 in addition to my regular allowance."

A man who runs an ostrich farm, on being asked as to the method of gathering the feathers, admitted that they were pulled out of the birds once in every eight months. Was the process painful? "Well," he replied, "about equal to pulling out your eye teeth."

Curdled milk, of a peculiar kind, made after a Bulgarian recipe and called "yaghurt," is now a Parisian fad and is believed to be a remedy against growing old. A correspondent who has tried it, says he would prefer to die young.

A birth is rather oddly announced in some parts of Holland. A silk pin-cushion is attached to the doorknob. If the cushion is red, the new arrival is a boy; if it is white, a little girl has come to town.

The walls of many of the houses in Mexico are from three to six feet thick to withstand earthquake shocks.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

The British Isles are said to contain nearly one million too many women.

The last census shows over 25,000 Japanese in the United States, while twelve years ago there were but 2,000.

A Swiss watchmaker has made a watch with a phonograph attachment that calls out the hours as they pass.

Modesty is a great virtue, but a man seldom gets a big raise in salary on account of it.

The diamond is a hard stone, but it has been known to soften a marble heart.

lated during the winter. Doctor R. V. Pierce, the founder of the "Invaluable" Hotel and Surgical Institute, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an *alterative* extract of roots, herbs and barks, WITHOUT A PARTICLE OF ALCOHOL OR NARCOTICS, which purifies the blood and tones up the stomach and the entire system in Nature's own way. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is just the tissue builder and tonic you require when recovering from a hard cold, grip, or pneumonia. No matter how strong the constitution the stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" after a long, hard winter; in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach—puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood—helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body. If you take this NATURAL BLOOD PURIFIER AND TONIC you will assist your system in manufacturing each day a pint of rich, arterial blood, that is stimulating to the brain and nerves. The weak, nervous, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people experience at this time of the year is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; it is often indicated by very poor boils appearing on the skin, the face becomes thin—you feel "blue." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all blood humors as well as being a tonic that makes one vigorous, strong and forceful. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery STANDS ALONE as the one medicine for stomach, liver and blood disorders that has the ingredients printed upon the wrapper of every bottle leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., which cures in nature's own way; not only does it STAND ALONE as the only spring tonic and reconstructive which absolutely contains no alcohol.

"I was taken with a severe cough, weakness in my back, a 'glimmer' over the eyes, had a bad breath, and stomach was out of order," writes H. Gaddis, of 123 South Tanna Avenue, Tacoma, Wash. "I felt sluggish, did not care for anything, had no life, it was almost misery to move, appetite very poor. I read Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser and went right away and purchased two bottles of his old Medical Discovery, and before I had taken all of one bottle I felt better. If any doubt the truth of this testimonial they may write to me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets Cure Constipation.

JUSTICE TEMPERED BY JUDGMENT.

I well remember one case before a justice in which I acted as respondent's counsel in a criminal action and in which an older and well-known attorney was my opponent. As I thought then, and as I know now, the law and the evidence was well in favor of my client, and at the close of the argument I looked with great confidence for a prompt acquittal.

Judge of my astonishment when my unfortunate client was found guilty and sentenced to thirty days in jail.

I promptly entered an appeal and furnished securities to prosecute the same.

Before I left the courtroom the justice took occasion to take me aside and say: "Young man, I kinder thought ye were right, but I knowed Judge W— (naming my opponent) is a sight older'n you be, and a sight better lawyer'n you be, and so, of course, I gin him judgment."—Leslie's Magazine.

PAINFUL SCIATICA

EVERY SUFFERER WANTS THE VERY QUICKEST CURE.

Mr. Donovan Thinks the Remedy Used by Him with Such Remarkable Success the Best—Cured by Five Boxes.

"Men who have to do difficult and dangerous work on electric lines at any hour of day or night, can't afford to have anything the matter with their health," said Mr. Donovan. You can imagine, therefore, how much I was alarmed one winter's day in 1902, when I was seized by a pain just behind my right hip that made it difficult for me to walk home. It was so bad by the time I reached the house that I was obliged to go straight to bed."

"Did that relieve you?" "No, the pain grew more severe and kept extending downward along my leg. I sent for a physician, and he soon decided that I had sciatica. In a few days the whole nerve was affected, and the least movement brought on terrible agony."

"Did your condition improve under the doctor's treatment?" "Quite the contrary. At the end of two months I wasn't a bit better, and at times I feared that I would never be able to leave my bed."

"How did you get out again?" "When I was lying in bed, unable to move and wasting away in flesh, a friend visited me and told me about the wonderful cures brought about by a great blood and nerve remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He strongly urged me to try them, and I luckily had sense enough to take his advice."

"Did you mend quickly?" "Yes, that was the astonishing thing. I noticed a slight improvement before I had quite finished the first box of the pills, I could get out of bed while I was on the third box, and I was entirely cured by the time I had taken five boxes."

Mr. Joseph A. Donovan is living at Plaistow, New Hampshire, and is line inspector for the Haverhill, Newton and Plaistow Electric Street Railway. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remedy to use when the blood is thin, as in anemia; or impure, as in rheumatism; or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia; or lifeless, as in partial paralysis; or when the body as a whole is ill-nourished, as in general debility. They are sold by all druggists.

The Philosopher of Folly. "I have noticed," said the Philosopher of Folly, "that the men who are constantly spouting about woman's only true sphere being the home, and who laughs at the women who think they have some other mission in life—I have noticed that the majority of those fellows are bachelors who turn pale when the subject of marriage is mentioned to them."—Cleveland Leader.

About \$700,000 is the cost of the engines on a first class man of war.